#### CONCURRENT TESTIMONY.

Is it wrong to kiss †" asked a timid maid
Of the shimmering sands that border the deep.
But no answer she got save the wavelets played
A roundelay gay as they kissed her feet.

She asked the sun, but he only turned His sancy face from the eastern sky,
And kissed her cheeks till they fairly burned,
And a tear of vexation dimmed her eye. She asked the wind as it came from the south

The self-same question. The answer came, For a zenhyr sprang up and kissed her mouth And ruby red lips till they seemed aflame. She asked a youth who had chanced along.

And the moral question was solved in a trice;
For heanswered: "O, maiden, it may be wrong,
But "—here he proved it—" It's very nice!"

If the sea and sun and soft south wind
Kiss unmolested by bolt or ban
Where the heart is eager, and lips and mind
Are not reluctant, why shouldn't man?

# JUANITA'S REVOLUTION.

'His Excellency Senor Don Jose Herrera y Mendez, President of the Caribbean Republic,' said the circular, 'has authorized Messrs, Mewhistler, Pennyfarthing and Lazarus, of 137 Credit Court, Million Pounds sterling, in aid of the public works about to be carried out in the extensive inland Proabult of Aqui and Nonexistente. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of Twelve Per Cent per snnum, and the lean will be guaranteed by a first mertgage on all the wild lands of the Republic, as well as on the customs revenues at the Port of Savwell as on the customs revenues at the Port of Savwell as on the customs revenues at the Port of Savwell as on the reality of could read more admirably; and it is really no wonder that an immense number of poor officers' widows and country certates should rush at once to receive twelve per cent from such a safe and profitable investment. Wild lands of the Republic, customs revenues of the chief tracting town, well-known firm of financiers in Credit Court—could anything sound more business-like or more enticing? Why, the very name of His Excellency Senor Don J se Herrera y Mendez ongth alone to be sufficient security for all the money!

When I first knew Jose Herrera (not yet y

Mendez ought alone to be sufficient security for all the money!

When I first knew Jose Herrera (not yet y Mendez), he was stable boy and general hanger-on to a little inn, which called itself a hotel, in the main street of Sayanna-la-Mar, the capital of the Caribbean Republic. Jose was a half-broed Indian, rather handsome and dendedly dare-devil in his looks, with a revolver buckled ostentationsly to his belt, and a knife stuck casually in a little scabbard on his hip. He was always riding bare-backed on a Mexican pony about the country; and the pony was often a fresh one, especially when there happened to be a horse or two lately missing from some distant up-country cattle-pen among the mountains. However, he was not worse than most other half-breeds of his sort; and I often gave him a dollar for taking care of my buggy when I happened to come in from my logwood estate in the Agmalta valley, to see about shipping matters in the Agmalta valley, to see about shipping matters in the feverish little scaport and capital. In later days his Excellency so far remembered my small acts of kindness that he steadily befrienned me as far as he was able, and never confiscated my exports of fustic. There were some redeeming points about In time, however, Jose came to be considered as

he was able, and never commanded by Jose Hetrera.

In time, however, Jose came to be considered as the rising man in the powerful political party of Regeneradores. When the nery young spirits of the Republic met to drink runs and water, and to discuss the future of Caribbea, at the bar of the little grog-shop, Jose was usually the chiet speaker who harangued against the wicked and oppressive government of President Gonzalez. The man was a sheer aristocrat, he declared, no better than a regular Peninsular; his father had been a pureblooded white man, and a well-to-do shopkeener in Savanna, which alone sufficed to render him incligible as the chief magistrate of a democratic government. Besides, not only could he read and write, but he knew as much Latin as a Spanish priest, and a great deal more than a Central American bishop. What was needed for the Caribbean Republic was a man of the people—here José used to beat his own breast in his rhetorical excitement —a man who knew what the people wanted, and felt as the people felt. This wretched Gonzalez positively derived a revenue from direct taxation; he did not mean on the merchants—that was excusable enough—but on the beverage of the people, the wine of the country, the nectar of the Caribbean Republic—run. Why thus dram the purses of the ettizens instead of taking advantage of modern expansiveness in the financial movement? Every other American State had a national debt; why not Caribbea? There was gold in England, he had heard say, and it could be had for the borrowing; but a craven, illy-livered, unpatriotic aristocrat like Gonzalez preferred to rob a poor man of his run rather than to take the wealth that England was ready to invest, or unexcentionable security, without a single question asked, in the coffers of the Commonwealth. Above all, there had not now been a revolution in Caribbea for nearly three years. Things were getting intelerably slow, and unless the Regeneradores could raise a revolt some time shortly, it would be all over with the Republic. Men

tashion, and even spell with some apparatus of tilian correctness. Altonso was an astute fellow by trade a monte gambler, much eleverer than Jose but not nearly so good a horseman, and therefore of course, far from being so popular with a Spanish American public; for among these horse-loving people a good rider and a good man are held to be

but not nearly so good a horseman, and therefore, of course, far from being so popular with a Spanish-American public; for among these horse-loving people a good rider and a good man are held to be, on the whole, fairly synonymous terms. Accordingly Señor Nunez had a revolutionary plan of his own, which was simply this to put forward his popular friend Herrera as President of the Republic, to become Prime Minister and chief wire-public, to become Prime Minister and chief wire-public to become Prime Minister and chief wire-public, to become Prime Minister and the Republic, to become Prime Minister and the Condition of the fingers merrily at those rides of bondholders, and all hive happily ever afterward.

Now, Senorita O'Gorman was the belle of Savanna-la-Mar, and the chief assistant at the same hotel where Jose Herrera was groom and stableboy. Her respected papa, Senor Pon Patricio O'Gorman, had originally served with distinction in her Britannic Majesty's navy; in fact, he had once faminarily been known as A. B. Paddy O'Gorman. But having got tired of the position he held on board H. M. S. Thunderbolt, he once managed to desert while engaged in buying yams and plaintains in Savanna market; and he then joined the Caribbean army. At first he used to give out that he had been a small ward-room officer in the British navy; but as time went on, his rank grew imperceptibly through the grades of Lieutenant and Captain, until it was now pretty generally believed that Don Patricio had once been actually Admiral of the Fleet, but that owing to the machinations of a Prince of the Blood, to whom he had proved a dangerous rival for the hand of an Italian Princess, he had been forced to flee from his native country, and finally to take refug

Speak on, fairest of Castiliar '1 said; for nothing flatters a Hiberno-Hispano-merican half-breed more than to address him or her as a descendant of the detested Peninsulares. 'I am all attention.'

Will you lend me a hundred pounds?'
Name of St. lago! that is a lot of money,' I an

Wered.

'But, my dear Senor,' said Juanita in her most engaging manner, 'it is on the best possible security, you see,'

'Your illustrious and deeply respected father's?

'Your illustrious and deeply respected father's? I asked, somewhat incredulously.
'No,' answered Juanita, drawing herself proudly up to a height of about five feet two inches; 'the President of the Republic's.'
'What, old Gonzalez.'' I exclaimed. 'You're not going to choose him out of all your admirers are you, Juanita? I wouldn't trust the old ruffian with a bad halfpenny on his sacred word of henor. Not a red cent of mine shall he ever pocket.'
Gonzalez, indeed!' cried Juanita contemptuously. 'No, on my faith, the great ugly blear-eyed creature! I wouldn't serve him a half-pint of mainsheet, that I wouldn't. I meant the new President of the Regeneradores, Senor Jose Herrera.'

Herrera.'

'Oh, that's your little game, Senorita!' I said.
'Another revolution? Well, who's getting it up?
I've seen a good many revolutions here in my time, and I never knew one that made things much better for the logwood trade than the one before it.

better for the logwood trade than the one before it.

Always an export tax on fustic, and always a lo
of worry about the property held by allens. Whose
at the bottom of this new move, now ?

'A triumvirate,' said Juanita mysteriously.

Names, if you please, and no nonsense.'
Senor Herrera, first.'
That's Jose, the stable-boy. Next?'
Senor Nunez, second.'
That's that confounded scamp, Alfonso. Well?'
Myself, third.'
A year pretty installation.

'Myself, third.'
'A very pretty junta indeed! And what do you want with me now?'
'Well, Senor Bianco,' said Juanita, coming to business confidentially, 'the fact of the matter is this. My father, Don Patricio, can answer for the devotion of the army.' tion of the army.'
'No doubt,' I said, 'if he can only stand them all

tion of the army.

'No doubt,' I said, 'if he can only stand them all drinks all round.'

'That's exactly it, Senor,' cried Juanita with admiration. 'You are a man of intelligence. You understand the high politics. That's it to a T. We can secure the army; but we require capital.'

'A hundred pounds, I asked.

'A hundred pounds, Senor,' said Juanita. 'It's very little to finance a revolution.'

'Now, look here, Juanita,' I said seriously, 'You're a good sort of ghi, I believe. I don't think you'd behave badly or dishonestly. This is an awful place for a man to have his mencey locked up in. I've got mine locked up here, and I can't get it unlocked. I should like to make myself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness in the shape of a President. Jose is a horse-stealer, of course—we all know that; but so is everrbody else hereabouts; so that if we were to wait for a President until we could get an honest half-breed, we might wait till Doomsday. If you are one of the Trumvirate, I shall trust to you to keep him straight. Old Paddy—I beg your pardon, I mean Don Patricio—is a drunken old reprobate; but otherwise he is a decent fellow enough, and he is at least an Irishman, not a blackguard of a Spaniard half-caste. Alfonso is a rogne; but if you and Jose will guarantee that he gets into no mischief, I'll lend you the meney on three conditions.'

'What are those, Senor'!'

'The first is, that there shall be no bloedshed; no injury to life or limb. That I must get Paddy to promise.'

'It shall be promised,' said Juanita. 'Nothing

'It shall be promised,' said Juanita. 'Nothing could be easier. With the money we can gain the entire affections of the army. It will allow a distribution of two dollars a head to every man all round, whereas Gonzalez hasn't paid them a real for the last three mouths. We can simply turn him out of the Executive Mansion, and put him on board the steamer for Jamaica. Nothing simpler. And there the revolution is accomplished. What next?'

next?

'Secondly, there must be no foreign lean. If I advance you the money for a revolution, I shall have no robbing of foreigners, no sham financing. That is imperative, and I mest get it in writing from all three of you.

'Jose and I can't write,' said Juanita, 'but Alfonso can; and we'll get him to draw up an agreement. I don't understand finance, but I've no doubt they'll agree to it all. And the third condition?

doubt they'll agree to it all. And the third condition?

'The third,' I said, 'is that the money shall be repaid me from the revenue within twelve months, without interest. I don't want any bonds, or any rubbish of that sort; if I finance for you at all, I shall expect just to run this revolution and this government. There must be no nonsense of any kind. You must all behave yourselves decently, and go on better than Gouzalez has done; and then I'll treat you moneyly. If you don't, I'll call in a

kind. You must all behave yourselves decently, and go on better than Gonzalez has done; and then I'll treat you properly. If you don't, I'll call in a British gunboat, and knock the place down about your cars in rather less than no time.

There are only two things of which any Spanish-American is afraid in heaven, or on earth, or in the waters that are under the carth; and those two things are the devil and a British gunboat. Of course, I could no more call in the aid of the latter than I could invoke the former to my assistance. But the Spanish-American has very varne views on these subjects, especially when he can't read or write. All he knows is that at some time or other, in his own and half a dozen neighboring Republics, a few stray Englishmen have now and then been treated in a way that would be considered quite ordinary with any native citizen, and have thereupon called in a gunboat; after which, they have either received exempiary damages, or got the town bombarded with admirable promptitude. Even Jose and Juanita knew that aunch; and they would probably quite have believed in my power to call in the Admiral commanding the West India station at a moment's notice. So I thought the threat a fairly safe one.

'Very good' said Juanita, confidentially. 'All shall be done as you wish, Senor. I will ask Jose and Alfonso to meet you here this afternoon, and you shall have all the guarantees, Senor, all the guarantees. The revolution shall be accomplished exactly as you wish it.'

'That's a good girl, Juanita,' I said; 'I think I can trust you. And now please to mix me a brandy cock-tail.'

I was very young in those days; and I must confess I didn't at all realize the responsibility I was

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I was very young in those days; and I must conif fess I didn't at all realize the responsibility I was
taking upon myself in helping to get up a Caribis bean revolution. I looked upon the thing at the
time much in the same light as I suppose most other
young Englishmen with a little money at stake in
the country would have looked at it—mainly in so
w far as it concerned my own interests. It would be
an advantage to me to have somebody at the head
of the thing they called a government who would
regard me as a friend, instead of treating me like
an alien and an interloper as Gonzalez did; and
that was the chief point that weighted with me.
They must have somebody or other for President,
and one petty despot was on the whole about is
good as another. All alike were ignorant, dishoubest
and extortionate; and I hought I might keep some
kind of influence over these people that I could not
keep over others. Besides, I had seen so many
revolutions in that and neighboring States that
had learned not to think as much of them as you
a country town take the munitepla electronssomething that occurred every no a and they all electronssomething that occurred every no a and they have
for the English banker's in the course of the morning,
a very pretty girl; and if she wanted a heavy
a very pretty girl; and if she wanted a heavy
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a very pretty girl; and if she wanted a heavy
a very pretty g coolly enough; drew out a hundred pounds in go with as nonchalant an air as if I had not be meditating treason against the established gover treason against the established govern strolled back to "Juanita's for the siests ment; and strolled back to "Juanita's for the siests hear as quietly as if no revolution at all was in the air. Indeed, fever and revolution were two smal accidents that I had learnt to despise since I settled

The conspirators were ready and waiting for me

in Caribbea.

The conspirators were ready and waiting for me. Jose took the chair in the room behind the bar, and carefully closed the jalousies to keep out the sun and give greater solemnity to the deliberation. They were quite prepared to accede to any terms I offered; and when I threw down the money on the table, all in good English sovereigns, Alfonso's eyes glistened gaily. I felt a pang of misgiving as I looked at his cold, cunning face; but I swallowed my compunctions, and determined to go on with the business now I had begun, for fear he should turn State evidence and betray me to Gonzalez. I little thought then that I was making myself indirectly responsible for that abominable swindle, the Caribbean Twelve Per Cents.

In half an hour it was all arranged. The populace, Jose said, were with him to a man; that is to say, all the public who took an interest in politics—in other words, the rum-shop loungers. They had squared the Regeneradores and dished the Conservatives. Alfonso had settled that the money should be paid over to old Paddy and the company of regulars, who were to surround Gonzalez in the Executive Mansion—a low white hcuse with a squalid patic and some broken green blinds—to escort him to the steamer, and to watch that he did not attempt to land again. Meanwhite, Jose was to proclaim himself in the Plaza, and the rum-drinking Regeneradores were to raily round him with revolvers and riles. He was to be installed forthwith, and was to name Alfonso to form a Cabinet. All this was to take place on Wednesday next. And in anticipation of the day, we drew up and signed a grand patriotic declaration, setting forth the crimes of Gonzalez (which were bad enough, in all conscience), and the magnificent, liberal and progressive programme of the new Regenerador Government.

"What must I put down for your name, Jose "1

erador Government.
. What must I put down for your name, Jose ? 1

asked.

'Jose Herrera,' he answered.

'That will never do,' put in Alfonso; 'a President ought to have two names at least. What was your father's?' For Jose, like many other halt-breeds, bore conveniently enough his mother's patronymic

father's? For Jose, like many other hair-breeds, bore conveniently enough his mother's patronymic alone.

Old Mendez was my father, I suppose,' said Jose. 'Then put it down "Herrera y Mendez,"' said Alfonso quickly. 'That sounds more like the right sort or thing.' And we put it down accordingly.

That very night an enthusiastic Regenerador (who hoped to have the custom-house for his share of the plunder) printed our placard; and we all went off about our several businesses till Wednesday.

When the day came, there was really quite an excitement in Savanna-la-Mar. I have seldom seen a revolution in which the people took so lively an interest. Even respectable English merchants came out of their shops to look at Gonzalez being marched down the street by old Paddy to the steamer; and when Senor Don Patricio, forgetting his Castilian for a moment in the excitement of the triumph, observed at the top of his voice, 'Ah, ye dirty spalpeen, would ye, thin?'—as the ex-President attempted to draw his revolver—the amusement of the British residents was immense. Nobody was particularly sorry to see the shabby fellow go, and everybody laughed when Paddy flung his revolver into the midst of the gutter. The Regeneradore colors; and the Conservatives put up their chutters, locked their stores, and went out to look at the fun, in their opponents' favor. A great many firearms were discharged in the Plaza; a saivo of artillery was fired from the fort; and Jose was duly proclaimed ninety-seventh President of the Carlibean Republic with full military honors. Nobody was injured in any way, though several men got very drunk, and fought a little; and all the world acknowledged that there hadn't been a better or more successful revolution for many years. As for little Juanita, she was as pleased and proud as a young wife who has made a decided hit with her first dinner-party.

For a while, I managed by careful supervision, as I fancied, to keep Jose from doing anything out-

For a while, I managed by careful supervision, as I fancied, to keep Jose from doing anything out-rageous. He began remarkably well. His taxes

so I ventured to ask Juanita, when I called upon her at Paddy's new rooms in the Plaza, what position she was going to assume under the new government.

'Well, you see, Senor,' she said, blushing slightly, 'the fact is, I'm engared to Joso; but we don't want Alfonso, to know it, because I'm engaged to Alfonso too; so Jose is going to send Alfonso on a mission shortly, and then he's going to marry me,'

It would have been useless to point out to the descendant of all the O'Gormans that this course appeared on the face of it slightly dishonorable, so I held my peace. If I had thought for a moment, I might have known that the only mission Alfonso could go on, must be to raise a loan; but I was foolish enough to overlook it.

For the next two months we were very busy with the spring logwood-cutting up at the plantation, so that it was some time before I found leisure to ride down again to Savanna-la-Mar. When I did so, it struck me that Jose seemed a little uneasy at my presence. I du't try, however, to get anything out of nim direct, for I knew he was too great a liar to tell me the truth about the subject that was troubling him; but I rode on at once to the Plaza, and asked to see Senorita O'Gorman.

'Well, Senorita,' I said, 'how have things been going on in the Republic!'

'Oh, admirably. Senor,' Juanita answered briskly. 'Alionso has gone to England.'

'To where?' I cried in alarm.

'To where?' I cried in alarm.

'Nonsense, Juanita!' I exclaimed. 'You bad girl! how dare you do such a thing? How dare you send him without telling me?'

'Oh, Senor, indeed it isn't to raise a loan. Jose told me so over and over again himself, and so did Alfonso. It is to issue bonds, it really is; they said so ever so many times to one another, and I know they mean it.'

'To issue bonds.'! I shrieked; 'why, you ignorant, stupid, silly creature, do you mean to say you don't know that's the very same thing?'

I will do Juanita the justice to say that she was really grieved she had been a party to breaking the bargain. Poor girl, she

designs.
'How long has this villain been gone, Juanita?' I ked despairingly.
Just seven weeks, Senor,' said Juanita through

'Just seven weeks, Senor,' said Juanita through her tears.

'Seven weeks! Good heavens! then he has been three weeks in England already,'! cried helplessly.

'Exactly. Jose expects dispatches by the next mail on Friday.'

'What does he call himself, Juanita!—Ambassador? Minister Plenipotentiary? Charge d'Affaires?—what kind of manninery, ch, girl?'

'Financial Agent to the Caribbean Republic, Senor.'

Senor.'
My heart sank within me. How many widow My heart sank within me. How many widows and orphans would that light-hearted wretch run by his abominable machinations? How much hard-earned money would he swallow up in his insatiable bag! How many homes would he make desolate forever? And I had been instrumental in deing it all, through my foolish notion that I could act as wire-pulier of the rascals who happened to sit for the moment at the head of the Caribbean Republic. Though I was hot and tired, and the sun was in mid-heaven, I put on my Panama, and literally ran through the streets of Savanna-la-Mar till I reached the Executive Mansion.

'Jose, you horse-stealing, rum-swilling villain,' I cried, as soon as I was admitted to His Excellency's presence, 'what in the name of heaven do you mean by sending that thief Alfonso to England to raise a loan?'

cellency, take your choice.

'I'll send you to Janaica,' said Jose deggedly.

'Good,' I answered, 'not a moment shall be wasted. Come down to Mackinrosh's immediately by my side, and requisition the tug.'

When I told the Scotch merchant what I wanted his boat for, he was very ready to let me have it: and within three hours we were ready to start, and leaving the palms and sand-spits of that detestable bay well behind us. I did not even wait to get anything ready: I merely sent a message up to the hills to my old black housekeeper to explain my absence, and bought a few bits of linen for a change at Savanna. We had a fairly good run without any hurricanes, and eight days after leaving Savanna, we saw the Blue Mountains rising slowly on our castward horizon, and rounded Port Royal Point before evening. But to my intense disgust, the Port of Savanna-la-Mar was declared under suspicion of yellow fever, and we were sent to do ten days' quarantine at the Apostles' Battery. Oh, how I chaled my heart out during those ten weary days, unable to communicate with the shore, in sight of the tlegraph office, and knowing that that wretch Alfonso was doing his utmost all the time in London to push the loan forward with all expedition, and to get in the money before an alarm was raised.

The moment we were allowed to land, I went straight up to Government House, and laid my case before the Governor. Sir Henry Travers was kindly and sympathetic, and fully agreed with me that the loan was a most scandalous one, but did not see his way to official intervention. So I went down post-haste to the telegraph office, and sent as full an account as I could to my brother, a barrister in the Temple, and to a leading City firm of my acquaintance. I begged them to want the British people that the Caribbean Republic was a symidle, that his Excellency the President Senor Don Jose Herrera y Mendez was an adventurous stable-boy, that the financial agent was a cheating gambler, that the taxes of the Republic were next to mil, and that its credit

Savanna-ia-Mar, with a faint nope that I might at least have succeeded in preventing the very worst of the evil.

You in England know the rest. Alfonso had got well beforehand with me, and had played his game cleverly. His handsome face and plausible manners easily won him a hearing; all Spanish-Americans can be exquisitely polite when they choose; and as nobody talks Spanish in London, their grammatical vagaries and general ignorance readily escape notice. He went to stop at a fashionable West End hotel, got himself incased by a first-rate Bond-st. tailor, drove about in a handsome brougham, and altogether settled down at once to the social convenances of London as if he had lived in Belgravia all his lifetime. His moustache and his excellent cigars proclaimed him a gentleman at first sight; and if he did still wear his linen a trifle dirty, that, you know, is only 'forcign,' and is the habit with many persons of distinction in Southern Europe. He hadn't been three days in town before he had ferreted out Mc-Whistler, Pennyfarthing and Lazarus, the most rascally financiers in the whole city, to whom he was introduced by his Excellency the Chimborazan Minister. Old Lazarus and Alfonso understood one another at once, and the loan was floated in rather less than no time. The firm was to pocket four hundred thousand pounds for its valuable services; Alfonso was to take a hundred thousand, deposited in England in his Jown name; and Jose and the Government of the Caribbean Republic were to have half a million, out of which Alfonso, of course, would get another slare in the second or local division of the plander. McWhistler swore the firm was giving its services dirt cheap; and Alfonso swore the Republic was burdening its revenues for very little return; but in their hearts both were immensely pleased with their bargain, and both chuckled heartily over the way they were going to do the British public.

My letters and telegrams did not arrive in time to do the British public.

My letters and telegrams did not arrive in time to

expose the swindle. It is true my brother sent the expose the swindle. It is true my brother sent the letters to The Times, and one or two leading financiers wrote about the utter insecurity of any Caribbean Government: but the City firm did nothing in

were settled for him by Alfonso, under my direction; and his departments were filled by a few Regenerador lawyers, who were no worse rogues than most of their neighbors. Jose solemnly declared that he had no intention of raising a loan, and as Juanita also assured me that the statement was true, I was fool enough to believe them. Paddy had now become commander-in-chief, and Jose was properly installed in the Executive Mansion, which had received a new coat of paint for the occasion; so I ventured to ask Juanita, when I called upon her at Paddy's new rooms in the Plaza, what position she was going to assume under the new government.

Well, you see, Senor,' she said, blushing slightly, 'the fact is, I'm engaged to Jose; but we don't want Alfonso, too; so Jose is going to send Alfonso on a mission shortly, and then he's going to marry me.'

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that abouninable swindle, and I never shall till I die.

When Alfonso returned, it was not all quite such plain sailing as the junta thought it would be. In the first place, Jose had meanwhile married Juanita, and when Alfonso came to discover the trick that had been practised upon him he was absolutely furious. He refused to give up any part of the cash, which he longed in the treasury and kept safely by means of half a dozen armed Intransigentes. He then bribed Jose's army; and though, of course, old Paddy would have remained true through thick and thin to his new son-in-law, the bravos who made up the forces under his command were far more pliable. Like all other Pretorians, they went over invariably to the highest bidder. About three weeks after Alfonso's return, there was another revolution; his Excellency Senor Don Jose Herrera y Mendez was driven out, and his Excellency Senor Don Alfonso Nunez y Canovas de Vera Paz became President in his stead. Jose and Juanita iled in fear of their lives with old Paddy to Jamaica, and never touched a penny of the money. But as they did not dare to stop there, for fear Paddy should be arrested as a deserter, they soon moved on to the Danish island of St. Thomas, where Jose now keeps an excellent turtle-soup restaurant hear the chief landing-stage. He is known to English travellers by his local nickname of Joe Rarey—that being the nearest English form to Jose Herrera; and he is never tired of talking to his guests about the happy days when he was President of the Caribbean Republic. Juanita once more mixes brandy cocktails, and I generally taste one of her brewing twice a year, on my way to and from London, where I regularly pay an annual visit of the Caribbean politicians I have ever come across.

Alfonso, in his turn, was far from being a popular man; so, as he soon quarrelled with most of all the Caribbean politicians I have ever come across.

Alfonso, in his turn, was far from being a popular man; so, as he soon of suparreled with most of all the Caribbean politician When Alfonso returned, it was not all quite such.

name. After trying Spain for a while, he at last settled down at Nice, and he is now known as one of the cumingest and most cautious roulette-players at Monte Carlo. He has several times broken the bank; and his villa on the Promenade des Anglais is almost the handsomest in that street of palaces. Even at cosmopolitan Nice, however, Don Alfonso Nunez does not altorether succeed in polite society; for the world insist that he ought certainly to restrict himself at most to one Senora Nunez each season. But as long as Alfonso can get play and sunshine, he is comparatively independent of outer society.

Since those days I have seen several governments in Caribbea, but not one that was much better or much worse than Jose Herrera's. They have all taxed logwood, and they have all come in and gone out with a revolution. Moreover, I have never known one of them attempt to pay a penny of interest on the debt. The Ultras sacked the freasury after Alfonso left, and no man really knows who exactly got the money. It disappeared somehow, and there is nothing now to show for it anywhere except a number of handsomely printed pieces of paper in the hands of various London bankers, which go by the name of Caribbean scrip. To this day certain obscure transactions take place upon the Stock Exchange, in which somebody still gives somebody else a certain sum of money for these utterly useless specimens of modern English steel engraving. But as to paying a single stiver of principal or interest as long as the world wags, that never scriously entered into the head of any living creature at Savanna-la-Mar.

So there you have, at last, the full, true and particular narrative of the origin of the Caribbean Twelve Per Cents. I never got back my hundred pounds, for, of course, poor Jose couldn't pay it; and I lost the hundred and thirty I had speat in telegraphing, as well as various other small sums; but that I richly deserved for my folly. I cannot bear to think, however, upon the thousands of poor souls who have been beggared by that vil

## " NARCISSUS."

Narcissus was as willow lank and limber:
He like a wind-swayed mulletn earthward drooped;
For he was wrought of soft-grained, spongy timber,
And not as the rich-kernelled wheat he stooped;
Wheat bends to hear the tongues of nature talk.
He bent for lack of fibre in the stalk.

Narcissus was a poet, critic; Horace Wrote not so free or talked so glib as h His thoughts were newly valaped from William

Morris; His diction was a compact of these three: G. Chancer, Lempriere, and bastard sweets That had the bue without the taste of Keats. He deemed he was the spiritual heir of Ruskin,
Tho' fortunate were he if Ruskin's page,
Or he might part his locks and lace his buskin:
He showed no such exalted lineage;
But scorned a youth who might with proper care
Excel in breeches, wear the palm in hair.

Narcissus loved the flowers like a lover Narcissis loved the lowers has a sort where; Who flaunts his mistress' favors everywhere; And thought himself the first man to discover Lilies have grace and the green earth is fair. Early the halls of commonplace he swayed, And "carrying figs to Smyrna" was his trade.

The' morally the routh was no ascetic,
More lips in fancy than in deed he'd kissed;
Still he must wail in notes apologetic
For faults he had not, sins that he had missed.
In verse he quavered much of guilty love,
Yet ne'er did half the ill he hinted of.

One day Narcissus, riding on the filly He styled his Pegasus, came to a lake; Where, smit by a satm-throated water lily And parched with summer thirst the pool might

slake.

He quit the nag. stretched flat each lisesome limb,
Looked down, and, lo! a face looked up at him.

A lovelier sight it did seem to Narcissus,
Nor sun nor moon had viewed. In dreamland
bowers
Such visions haunt us, trance and tease and kiss us,
With kiss more melting than sweet rain on

flowers—
Till sweeps into our life some real face
That banishes thin dreams to their own place.

He knew not that he worshipped his own features, Tho' consciousness had hardly interfered With the fend pastime; and the happy creature's Delusion wrapt him so his phiz appeared Art's very visage. When he did depart He thought he'd seen the naked face of Art.

He went to Nature and ideally taught her How she should look. The works of men did he Gauge by himself as pictured in the water— Song, sculpture, decoration, courtesy. The picture held a lily up to view; All other things must bear a lily too.

RICHARD E. DAY RICHARD E. DAY.

HOW THE KING CURED THE SINGER'S COLD. From Galignani.
In the reign of Frederick II. of Frassia, there wa

at the Berlin theatre a very great cantatrice w devoted an unreasonable portion of her time colds and fits of hysterics. For the merest trifle s at the Berlin theatre a very great cantariace who devoted an unreasonable portion of her time to colds and fits of hysteries. For the merest trifle she would have the performance postponed and the public sent away disappointed, and one night, when the Great King himself was already in his box, the stage-manager advanced to the footlights and spoke thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, the management is grieved to have to annotince that our prima douna is hoarse and that there will be no performance this evening." Thereupon Frederick the Great turned to his aide-de-camp, gave him an order, and then, leaning forward toward the orchestra, made a sign to the musicians to remain in their places. A quarter of an hour elapsed during which the public were in a state of painful suspense. The curtain then rose and the stage-manager advanced to the footlights once more and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to inform you that our prima donna has suddenly recovered from her, cold and will have the honor of appearing before you." Thereupon the prima donna entered. She was very pale, but she never sang better; the king had cured her in an instant, and here is his Majesty's recipe for the benefit of all whom it may concern. The [cantatrice was sitting cosily by her fireside no more hoarse than you or we, and exulting over the trick she had played her manager, when suddenly the door of her boudoir was thrown viciently open and an officer followed by four dragoons entered.

"Mademoiselle," said the officer, "the King, my Royal Master, has sent me to inquire after your precious health." "I am very hoarse." "His Majesty knows it, and has ordered me to take you to the infirmary of the military hospital, where you will get well in a few days." The actress grew pale. "It is a jest!" she murmured. "An officer of the king never jests." The lieutenant then made a sign to his men, who litted the artist with the delicate attentions that distinguish dragoons, and carried

her down to a coach that was waiting below. They then mounted their horses. "To the hospital" cried the officer. And off they all went. "Wait a little!" cried the cantatrice, after a few minutes. "I think I am better." "The King desires that you should be perectly cured, Mademoiselle, and that you should sing this very evening." "I will try," murmured the prisoner. "To the Opera House!" commanded the lieutenant. The cantairice dressed in haste, and then as she was about to appear on the stage she said to her jailer: "Sir, singe the King demands it, I am going to sing, but Heaven only knows how." "You will sing like the great artist you are." "I shall sing like an artist that is hoarse." "I don't think so." "And why!" "Because I am going to place a dragoon at each wing of the stage, and at the first faise note the troopers will seive you and carry you off to the hospital." The cold was then thoroughly cured, and the prima donna sang divinely.

#### THE SULTAN'S MAMMA.

The Sultana Valideh is at the bottom of every scheme, and dominates her sovereign son to such an extent that every pacha courts her favor. A great scandal and an amusing scene took place when the Empress Eugenie visited Constantinople a few years back. Being anxious to recognize all the kindnesses and attention paid to her, her Majesty at a farewell interview actually kissed the Valideh on the check, looking upon her in the light of a sister sovereign. The Queen-Mother was much excited, and flew into towering passion. Here was a direct insult from a Giaour.

She took to her bed, and refused food for four-and-twenty hours, and had several baths before site could consider herself purged of this enormity, this terrible stain; and this old bigot, probably herself born of a slave, thought herself too good, forsooth, to be saluted by the beautiful Eugenie, consort of one of the most powerful Emperors of the Continent of Europe.

#### MRS. BROWNING'S MARRIAGE.

"Lady Geraldire's Courtship" was written in twelve days by the invalid. It contained several aliasions to living poets; and among others, to Mr. Robert Browning, whose "Bells and Pome-granates" was referred to in these lines:

Granates was referred to in these files;
Or from Browning some "Poinegranates" which, if cut
deeply down the middle,
Show a heart within blood-tinetured of a veined humanity.

Please I with this compliment, the poet called upon

Show a heart within blood-tinetured of a veined hamanity.

Penssel with this compliment, the poet called upon Elizabeth Barrett, in order to have an opportunity of thanking her personally. Fate oftentimes takes the sinape of accident. The poetess was never at home save to a few intimate friends, and a new servant, who opened the door for Mr. Browning, mistaking him for one of these, unhesitatingly ushered him into the invalid's room, where they met for the first time. Previously, when she had finished that magnificent poem, "The Dead Pan," which teaches us strange mysteries of melodies, and flows fervent, free and pure, like a great crystal stream down the swift sweet current of soand into the vast voiceful sea of profound thought. Elizabeth Barrett sent the manuscript to a friend, in order to have his criticism, who in turn showed it to Robert Browning. The poet was much impressed by it, and wrote a letter to his friend full of enthusiastic appreciation, which found its way into Elizabeth Barrett's hands. This incident no doubt paved the way to a friendship between them which afterward resulted in one of the happiest of mions. This part of her life's story reads more like fiction than fact, but fiction were colorless beside such reality.

Mr. Barrett refused his consent to his daughter's marriage. She was his favorite, the object of his pride as well as his love; he it was who helped to form her mind, and store it with the riches it contained; he could not endure the idea of a severance. Altogether the idea of her union was painful to him, and from the day of her marriage to the end of her life he refused to be reconciled to her, notwithstanding her appeals to his affection. However, she now loved in her thirty-ninth year, and for the first time, and for a conreption of the great depth and sublime fervor of this new affection which broke over her still life, and suddenly woke her to a nobler conception of humanity, to a clearer vision of that subtle soul-power which binds heart to heart, we have only to turn t with all the glow and lire of ardent and pure affection, fresh as morning, sublime and sweet as the direct aspirations of a mind rapt and overwhelmed by the first ecstasy of virgin love, and full of a music never before equalled, never since excelled. Perhaps there are no two lines in the English or any other language which with such simplicity and force express so much as these:

I yield the grave for thy sake, and excha My near sweet view of heaven for earth I yield the grave for thy sake, and examined My near sweet view of heaver, for earth with thee.

And they help to show us and make us comprehend, as far as we are capable, the new spirit which awoke in her. Two years after her first interview with Mr. Browning, Elizabeth Burrett was literally assisted from her couch and married to the poet, and immediately after the ceremony they departed for Italy. "Our plans were made up at the last, and in the utmost haste and agitation, precipitated beyond all intention," she writes to a friend; and further adds: "Perhaps it has struck you that a woman might act more generously than to repay a generous attachment with such a questionable gift and possible burden as that of uncertain health and broken spirits; to which I can only say that I have been overcome in generosity as in all else, though not without a long struggle in this specific case; also there was the experience that all my maladies come from without, and the hope that, if unprovoked by English whaters, they would cease to come at all. The mildness of the last exceptional winter has left me a different creature, and tional winter has left me a different creature, and the physicians helpel me to hope everything from Italy; so you see how it all ended."

## FRANCES APPLETON LONGFELLOW.

I never saw Mrs. Longiellow without a strong impression of her likeness to the pictured "Evangeline." Her low, broad brow, overshadowed by the masses of dark hair which seemed to frame the whole face, was repeated in the picture, and there were the same large eyes, the deep cyes that did not "twinkle," of which the poet wrote in "Hyperion."

One could not look at Mr. Longfellow at this time without a sense of his happiness, so all-pervasive

net "twinkle," of which the poet wrote in hyperion."

One could not look at Mr. Longfellow at this time without a sense of his happiness, so all-pervasive did it seem. I did not see him for two years after his wife died, and he had changed so much in that period that I did not recognize him at first sight. It was not a change that suggested physical decay. On the contrary, a stranger who saw him then, for the first time, would have pronounced him a fine specimen of vigorous manhood. But the look of content, satisfaction, or happiness—call it what you will—that once made his face radiant was gone—and it never returned.

Mrs. Longfellow was a tall and stately brunette, who added to great personal beauty rare powers of intellect and high culture. Her manner toward strangers whom she met on terms of equality, was almost regal; while to those whom she employed, or who were dependent upon her, she was singularly considerate. I remember the mixture of awe and admiration with which our mutual dressmaker, a most excellent woman, told me that Mrs. Longfellow, on coming to be measured, had asked her to be a little more careful with this than she had been with the last dress, made three months before, which had been several inches longer on one than it was on the other side. It was an elegant dress, yet there had been made for the inexperience of some new worker whe had made the blunder. There was no appearance of vexation in her manner. The fault was simply spoken of in a kindly way that conveyed her full confidence that, if it were made known to her, the seamstress would wish to avoid a similar mistake as much as her employer would wish to have her do so. I mention this circumstance because it illustrates so perfectly her magnanimous feeling, the outgrowth always of a grand nature, toward those who were, in a sense, in her power.

Her style of brunette beauty was that which admitted of her wearing the most delicate shades of any color, such as sky blue, pale rose and the inke, and her taste was exquisite. Her dignity was

and her taste was exquisite. Her dignity was not the result of training and constant intercourse with well-bred people; it was a dignity of character that manifested itself in many directions, and even in matters of the toilet gave her a delicate sense of

matters of the toilet gave her a delicate sense of the fitness of things.

At that notable entertainment given in Boston, the ball in honor of the Prince of Wales, her dress was a pale lavender sik brightened by cherry-colored trimmings, and finished with rare old lace. But no demand of demoralized custom, under the name of "tail dress," could induce her to display the charms of her lovely person to the gaze of a public assembly, select though it was, and claiming as it did to be composed of the elite of that region. The open corsage of the dress was filled to the throat with an artistic arrangement, of her own designing, of soft, fleecy lace, which completed a womanly toilet.

### CRIMEAN INCIDENTS.

Cordial terms prevailed between the British and French officers of corresponding rank. There was no more striking instance of this among the older men than that of Sir Colin Campbell and General Vinois. The one commanded, the Highland Brigade at Balaclava, and the other was at the head of the nearest French Brigade on the heights. Although the Scotchman could not speak a word of French nor the Frenchman a word of English, they were in the habit of breakfasting together every Sunday, alternately in each other's tents, without an interpreter. There they would sit smiling on the opposite sides of the table, helping one another to the best of everything, but only saying:

"My friend, Vinois!"

"Mon ami, Campbell!"

Whether or not the Frenchman proved constant in his kindly feeling is not recorded; but it is a historical fact that, years afterward, on the Scotchman's death as Lord Clyde, a sum was found ap-

pointed in his will for the purchase of a mourning ring to be sent to his "friend Vinois."

Lieutenant Elliot, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, saved the life of General Scarlett by his admirable devotedness. A tall Rassian officer, perceiving that the officer leading the charge must be of high rank, placed himself so as to cut him down when he should reach the column. General Scarlett, being extremely short-sighted, was not prepared to guard his left. Elliot, who was riding close behind him as his aide-de-camp, gave his horse the spur, and dashing past him just as the Russian had raised his arm to strike, ran the latter through the body with such force that the thrust went home to the hill. The Russian was turned quite round in his saddie before the sabre could be disengaged, and then he fell dead to the ground. General Scarlett recommended him for promotion and for the Victoria Cross, on account of his distinguished conduct in this charge of the Heavy Brigade; but neither of the applications was entertained by the Horse Guards, for what reason no mortal man can tell. This "beau sabreur," as he was dubbed by many of his friends, received no less than fourteen wounds on that ill-fated day. After the battle, one of his orother-officers went into his tent and found him standing before a looking-glass.

"Halloa, Elliot. Beautifying, are you?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I am sticking on my nose."

"Yes," was the answer, "I am sticking on my nose."

It had been slashed nearly off his face in the melee. He was a most agreeable and kind-hearted companion, and a very able cavairy officer; but his modesty never permitted him to talk of his services. When General Scarlett's two recommendations were negatived. Elinot said that he could not expect to be rewarded for having done only his duty, and nothing more than any other English officer would have done.

Captain Morris, of the 17th Lancers, grievously wounded in the head, was lying with his horse's bridle in his hand, when a young cornet of the same regiment, Sir George Wombwell, whose horse had been shot under him, ran past him in the vain attempt to catch another, which was galloping riderless.

ess.
" Take mine," said Captain Morris.? " My riding is

less.

"Take mine," said Captain Morris.? "My riding is over."

"No, no," answered Wombwell, "I will help you to mount, and you will get back all right."

The captain became insensible, and Wombwell, thinking him dead, got on his charger and rode to the lines undurt. Captain Morris recovered his senses when some Cossicks were robbing him. Ho lay still, lest they should dispatch him if they saw he was alive. After they had left him, up came an English troop horse, with his nose on the ground, evidently seeking his fallen rider. Captain Morris took hold of the bridle, and contrived to mount the animal, which stood quiet for him to do so. He rode in the direction of our lines, till the horse was killed by a round shot. The fall rendered him insensible once more. When he regained consciousness, he tried to walk. Stumbling often, and sitting down when he felt exhausted, he found himself at last beside the body of an officer, whom he recognized as Captain Nolan. Knowing thus that he must be near the lines, as poor Nolau had failen at the beginning of the charge, he summoned up the remains of the indomitable resolution for which he was hoted in the army, and finally staggered into the camp of the Light Brigade. I saw him often during his slew recovery from his wound, and conceived the highest admiration for him. He was nost deservedly promoted, and, after the Crimean War was over, went with his regiment to India, where he died.

One is always serry to hear of the death of one's comrades at the front; but, whether it be that it

where he died.

One is always sorry to hear of the death of one's contrades at the front; but, whether it be that it happens so frequently that it ends by leaving one callous, more or less or that the uncertainty of one's own fate encourages egotistical indifference to the fate of others, it is certainly a fact that an entrenched camp is not the most favorable sphere in the world for the development of altrumm and benevolent sympathies. I recollect a case of an officer, noted for his kind-heartedness and affectionate manner toward those around him, having to give a message to his favorite aide-de-camp to earry, when the latter was struck dead by a round shot.

shot. "I must ask you to carry this message," said the

"I must ask you to carry this nessage," said the officer, turning to another aide-de-camp, and explaining the particulars, which he entered into as if nothing unusual had taken place.

Another friend of mine, a most worthy officer, never could speak seriously on any subject whatsoever. He had received a bad wound while going his rounds in the trenches, and had been conveyed to the hospital at Scutari, where Miss Nightingale nursed him. One morning he complained to her most bitterly of the noise which other wounded officers in the same ward had made in the night, naving kept him awake when he wished to sleep. She told him that those officers had died in great agony.

"Well," he said, "I should feel so much obliged to you if, next time, you would ask any mortally wounded officers you may be taking care of in this ward to die quietly without disturbing others in the night."

A REMINISCENCE OF FREDERICK CAVEN DISH.

I met General Averili this morning, who told me a singular story about Cavendish.

"You may not be aware," said he, "that Cavendish, "You may not be aware," said he, "that Cavendish was in the Army of the Potomae in 1862, and I entertained him for a while. He came to this country with his brother, Lord Hartington, now the Marquis of Hartington, and with Sr John Rose, I met them in the following peculiar way: When McClelian's army evacuated the peninsula I covered the embarkation with my cavalry, and was the last officer to get in the steamer. Having been ill, I lost my senses when I got on the steamer, and knew nothing more till I found myself in the house of General Walsworth, at Washington. As soon as I was able to get out I made ready to find the army again, which was then at Antietam battlefield. But before I started I went into General Ingalis's office, on Pennsylvania-ave., he being the field. But before I started I went into General Ingalis's office, on Pennsylvania-ave., he being the Chief Quartermaster of McClellan, and he and Nesmith, of Oregon, and Colonel Sawtelle and myself sat down to play a game of poker. It was a pretty long game, and, consecutively, Ingalis and Nesmith were trozen out, and the game was left to Sawtelle and me, and I won all the money. Sawtelle then said: 'Now Averill, I have no more money, but Ingalis has plenty of wine and good stuff here, and I will stake you a basket of champagne on another round.' I won again, and the champagne was mine. Then they put up some Chateau Margeaux, and I won that. Said I: 'Gentlemen, if you think I am going to leave this stuff here, you are mistaken. I am going to carry it up to the army with me.'

me.' So, when I started the next day, I had my wine loaded up, and some of my staff officers were with me, and it took me all day to go to Harper's Ferry. On the way certain Englishmen, seeing me with a General's insignia, introduced themselves as Lords Cavendish and Hartington, and with them was Rose. I was pretty ill from having played that poker the night before, being barely convalescent, but lying down as I was most of the time, I heard them talk, and divided lunch with them. Cavendish was a young fellow, pretty well made, of a frank, binfi style. His elder brother, Hartington, was something over thirty years old. When we got out at Berlin, in Maryland, to find the army, these young fellows still went along with us, and we came to a small house at the roadsde, standing rather on a hill, which had but one bed in it, and was inhabited by a poor woman. We concluded to stop there for the night, and these yourg lords lay down on the floor with my staff, making no complaint, and insisted on my taking the bed. I then got at my supplies, and some of the boys had hunted ice in the neighborhood. They probably thought that an American officer lived just as I did that day on the results of my poker game. We had champagne and ice, and them Margeaux and pork and beans. The next day, while we were as the same house, General McClellan rode past and called out to me: 'How are you, Averilli Glad to see you back.' General McClellan thank you,' said I. Hearing his name, these two fellows rushed down to the fence to get a glimpse of the General they had read so much of, but I did not introduce them. The staff officers got to like them pretty well, and used to say to this Cavendish who was killed Saturday: 'Cavendish, give me some of your tobacco.' They stayed around camp some time, and suddenly ifartington disappeared, and turned up in Lee's army. The others did not go, I never inquired as to whether General McClellan permitted Hartington to pass the lines, but have the idea that he just walked out of the picket-line and went "So, when I started the next day, I had my

### A PRACTICAL JOKE.

From Galignani.

Villemessant once played a cruel practical joke on one of his staff, a gentleman who was over head and heels in debt. On the unfortunate individual in question presenting himself at the headquarters of the Figure soon after 12 one night as usual, he was horrified to find figuring at the top of the first column the following announcement: "The creditors of M. X—are hereby informed that he has decided upon paying his debts, and that they may, therefore, present themselves at the caisse of this journal to-morrow at 2. They will form a line along the Rue Rossim, Rue Chauchat, Rue Lafayette and Boulevard Haussman. A picquet of sergeants-de-ville will keep order. The Marseillaise will not be allowed."

The impecunious debtor, aguast at what he saw, asked for M. Villemessant, but was told he had gone to Nice leaving express orders that the paragraph was to go in, and it was not until the moments of going to press that he was informed that he had been made the victim of a salutary practical joke.

A fashionable novelty in perfumery is a "book of soap." Each loaf is enough when torn out for coagood wash. The books vary in sizes: the smaller are for the hands only, they are no larger than pocket-books. The leaf is soaked in a basin of water for three seconds, then it floats, and is placed in the centre of the hand, where it soon, with gentle friction, froths. A page of soap sounds strange, and stranger yet, the soap is excellent; it is not unlike an ivory tablet. A fond saying tells that inventions always reveal the particular want of a nation in this case cleanliness is a want in Austria, for the soap pocket-book was invented there.